

Whatever Happens

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Summary: AU. She's on vacation. He's on vacation. Sparks fly. No Mellie, Jake or Edison (Yay!) Rating will change to M

## 1. Chapter 1

**\*\*A/N:\*\***

\_Just when I thought I wouldn't be writing any new fics with everything going on in the show, the idea for this one came to me. Thought I'd try, I heard others say writing something new helps with writer's block. They're probably other fics similar to this one, don't know, not intentional. I had fun writing this, this is how I want to remember Olitz. Enjoy!\_

\* \* \*

><p>She needed this badly. One week was all she could afford. One week in Sunny Cancun, Mexico and it would be worth every damn penny. She hadn't been on a vacation like this in years not since her honeymoon six years ago.<p>

Her mother was back at the house to babysit Olivia's four year old son. It had been a rough couple of years between getting a divorce from her asshole of an ex-husband and trying to get her life in order now that she was on her own. It took some steady encouragement from her mother, but finally, Olivia had agreed that some time to herself might help her regain who she was before she became a wife and mother; before becoming someone else's trophy wife and before ending up with someone who claimed to be her prince charming, but was actually a wolf in sheep's clothing.

Sitting in the aisle seat, Olivia glanced around at the other passengers, mostly young couples and college-aged kids, all on a mission to have some fun and let loose. Olivia, on the other hand, wasn't interested in getting hammered, what she really wanted was to

sleep in on a king-sized bed without a four year old jolting her awake at six in the morning for cereal and cartoons. What she wanted was to sit under an umbrella on the beach with a book in her hand, and not worry about anyone but herself, something she hadn't had the luxury of doing since Adam was born. Although she loved every second of being a mother, she'd been neglecting herself too long. What she needed was a total makeover, a renewal of the body and soul.

Olivia was happy that she'd had the foresight to get a manicure and pedicure prior to this trip; she couldn't remember when she'd last pampered herself in this way. She was hoping that she would now finally had the time for a full body wax, fresh haircut and highlights. Her hair was too long and frizzy and she couldn't remember when she had trimmed it last.

One thing she hadn't neglected even in her busiest years, was to stay active with Adam and eat healthy as it allowed her body to stay fit and trim. Still, she was a bit nervous about wearing her new two piece bathing suit. After all, she was thirty one and not seventeen.

"Would you like something to drink?" The flight attendant asked, pulling her away from her thoughts.

"Yes, apple juice, please" she said without giving much thought, so was glad that her drink did not come in a juice box.

After landing at the Cancun airport, Olivia grabbed her small red suitcase from baggage check and headed outside to find the shuttle to her all-inclusive resort. After spotting it, she made her way towards the bus, eager to begin the rest and relaxation that awaited her, when she tripped on the curb. Just as she braced herself for a nasty fall, a pair of strong arms caught her in the nick of time.

"Whoa, careful there," a deep baritone voice said to her.

When she looked up to thank her savior, she felt her face heat in embarrassment. Helping her to steady herself was the most beautiful man Olivia had seen in real life. He looked like a model with his chiseled jaw line and manly face. His light blue shirt was unbuttoned at the top, and Olivia couldn't help but notice the muscles that were visible there.

"Thanks, I think I got it," Olivia murmured trying to not stare at the tall handsome stranger. His dark penetrating gaze was fixed on her with concern.

"That would have been a shitty way to begin your vacation," he said with a smirk playing on his lips.

"Yeah, it would have been my luck too," she signed, reaching for her bag that was now lying on its side on the concrete.

"Here, let me get that," the sexy stranger offered, grabbing the bag, "Are you on this bus here?"

"Yeah, the Hyatt Zilara," She replied with a smile. The resort was a bit pricey but if she could only have one week here, she wanted a little bit of luxury, and she didn't want to stay at a cheaper resort full of college age kids.

"Well, whaddaya know, so am I," he smirked as he handed the bag along with his to the bus driver who shoved it underneath with the rest of the bags.

A small shiver of excitement ran through Olivia's spine at the thought of this man being in the same resort as her. But then, a nagging voice reminded her that she was not here to meet a man. Besides, this guy most likely would have a girlfriend somewhere (she noticed he was not wearing a ring). Just because he had a pretty face didn't mean he was a good guy, she'd learn this the hard way.

"Okay, thanks again," she said to him before turning and hurrying up the steps into the bus, not daring to look back.

After a refreshing shower and a wardrobe change out of her trusty yoga pants into a breezy white sundress, Olivia decided to head downstairs and get something to eat. Uncertain of what she wanted, she settled for the buffet.

"For one," she told the host who smiled before leading her to a nice little table by the window. The sky was already darkening and the oncoming sunset was turning the sky a beautiful mix of pink, orange and purple.

When she told her friends that she was planning on coming here by herself, they all told her she was crazy, especially Quinn. Olivia knew it was risky, but she figured that as long as she stayed on the resort and didn't go out drinking with random people, she'd be just fine. Her party days were long gone. She had other priorities now (namely Adam) so she couldn't lose her head. The purpose of this trip was to relax and not waking up with a hangover.

"Hey, it's my damsel in distress," a voice sounds from nearby.

Olivia turns to see Handsome Savior from earlier, smiling down at her, "do you mind?" he asked, gesturing to the seat across from hers.

"Umâ€¦" she started but he was already taking a seat across from hers, "okay."

"I didn't get to introduce myself properly earlier," he said, reaching out a hand across the table to shake hers, "My name is Fitz, what's yours?"

Olivia took his hand and gave it a shake, "Olivia."

"Olivia," her name rolled off his tongue like an inappropriate caress.

She looked away, feeling a magnetic pull she'd never felt before.

"Would you mind if I join you for dinner?"

Olivia raised an eyebrow at Fitz, "really?"

"Sure. Looks like we're both by ourselves, and it'd be nice to have a

little companyâ€|unless of course you don't want toâ€|in which case I will leave."

Olivia thought about it for a moment. How could she possibly refuse? It was just dinner.

"Sure, I guess that would be okay."

"I guess I'm going to start with the salad bar â€|then work my way from that roasted pig over there," he told her pointing to the carving table across the room.

Olivia nodded encouragingly.

"Seems like a plan. Care to lead the way?" he said gallantly his words translating to ladies first.

Olivia stood and started towards the salad bar, feeling a little self-conscious knowing that Fitz was right there behind her. She was glad in that moment that she had put in a little effort before coming down. Just because she wasn't planning on meeting anyone didn't mean she couldn't look her best.

Olivia grabbed a plate and started placing various types of salad on her plate, and Fitz was doing the same. As hard as she tried, she couldn't stop stealing glances at him. He was still wearing the same shirt as earlier, but instead of khaki shorts, he now had on a pair of jeans. She wondered why this gorgeous specimen was here by himself. Why he wanted to hang out with her when she was certain his options were limitless. Probably because it's his first night; once he sees what's out there for him, she was certain this was the last she would see of Fitz.

Once her plate was full, she made her way to the table. Fitz was not far behind her. Soon the waitress appeared and took their drink orders, a red glass of red wine for Olivia and a Corona with lime for Fitz.

"So Olivia, what brings you to Cancun?"

"Just a little R and R," she replied with a shrug.

"Same here. Doctor prescribed relaxation," he added with an eye roll.

"Doctor prescribed?" she asked with a slight tilt of the head.

"Yep. Believe it or not.

"Why would a doctor tell you to go to Cancun?"

"Well, he actually didn't tell me to come here," He smirked. "I made that decision on my own, I was burnt out from work. He just told me I needed to take it easy for a while because it wasn't good for my blood pressure. I'm only thirty three, so I wouldn't have to worry about that shit yet, right?"

Wow, he was thirty three. Olivia thought for sure he was younger. "You're practically a teenager," she teased with a giggle. "What do you do for work that had you so stressed out?"

Fitz drew a breath before answering. "I work in uh, security," he said staring back at Olivia.

Somehow, Olivia had the feeling that he was holding back, but decided not to press him on it. Instead, she just nodded and took a sip of the wine she just noticed was there. Fitz reached for his beer and took a sip, his eyes not leaving Olivia's face.

"So how about you, what do you do?"

"Nothing too exciting. I'm a secretary at a law firm. Just your run of the mill paper pusher. It pays the bills," she replied trying to not sound ungrateful. A job was a job and she was glad she had it. She made decent money, not a lot but enough for the bills and a few extra things like this trip she was on.

Fitz smiled and nodded along.

"Sometimes I could do with a little more excitement," she said before realizing that he could misinterpret this. But Fitz nodded again and worked on his plate.

After dinner was finished, Fitz invited Olivia to join him for another drink at the poolside bar.

Realizing that she didn't want to go back to her room quite yet, she agreed. As she walked through the resort toward a bar, she noticed that Fitz was quite close to her. It sent a warm feeling through her body.

"So, Fitz why didn't your girlfriend come with you? She asked, knowing that this was an obvious attempt to check his relationship status. Even if nothing was going to happen, Olivia knew she wouldn't feel comfortable if she knew he were attached.

"No girlfriend," he replied, the amusement clear in his tone. "I'm a one man show."

"Oh," Olivia cocked her head, feeling relieved, knowing she shouldn't care. Nothing was going to happen with Fitz.

"How about you? Husband or boyfriend back home waiting for you?"

"No," she quickly answered, deciding to leave out the part about the young man waiting for her at home even if he was only four years old.

\*\*A/N:\*\*

\*\*Please review and follow if you're interested in more, I got no idea how many more chapters I will write, so it will most likely depend on the response I get \*\*

## 2. Chapter 2

\*\*A/N:\*\*

\*\*I' m completely blown away by the amount of reviews, favorites and follows! In all the years I've been writing fanfiction, this is a first. Thank you so much :)\*\*

\* \* \*

><p>He wrapped his arms around her and they kissed. That kiss was everything he'd been hoping for and more.<p>

After another round of drinks, Olivia knew she should go back to her room for the night. But the more she talked to Fitz, the more her resolve was dissolving. He was funny and polite and the conversation flowed between them on a satisfying plane.

Even though their views on politics differed, they were still able to discuss the upcoming elections in a fun relaxed manner. On the whole, Olivia enjoyed herself, she was happiest when engaged in interesting conversation.

As the night wore on, the conversation turned more personal.

"So Olivia, how's a beautiful woman like you not attached?"

Olivia smiled softly at the compliment. Did he really think she was beautiful or was he feeding her a line? She knew she wouldn't get into the nitty gritty of her romantic past. Her ex-husband was a narcissistic, abusive and philandering man, AND a poor role model for their son Adam. She couldn't bear to see the look of pity that would surely appear on Fitz's face; she'd seen it so many times from so many people, and besides, she wouldn't allow Derek's' memory to ruin her vacation for her. So she decided instead to give him the edited version of her past.

"I am divorced," she replied simply. "For almost three years now."

Fitz nodded thoughtfully. "Ah, a fellow member of the divorcee club."

Olivia looked up from her drink and her expression prompted him to continue.

"My ex-wife left me a couple of years ago. Irreconcilable differences, she claimed. She's re-married now though, married some big shot real estate guy even before the ink on our divorce decree dried." He shook his head in good-natured disbelief, "Get this, they actually invited me to their wedding, and I actually went, can you believe that? Well, at least I had fun, danced with all the maidens and drank all of their champagne!"

Olivia let out a chuckle. "That was big of you, y'know. I don't think I'd be attending any future weddings my ex may have. May God have mercy on whomever he dupes into marrying him next."

Fitz's smile faded, and Olivia realized she may have revealed too much.

"I take it he was a jerk?"

"You could say that." Her eyes dropped to her drink again, she didn't

really want to talk about Derek any more, and she really hoped that Fitz wouldn't dig deeper.

"Let's not talk about our exes anymore," Fitz replied as though he'd been reading her mind. "Life's too short to live in the past."  
"

Olivia smiled at him, relieved. "You got it."

Olivia didn't know what time it was when Fitz offered to walk her back to her room. At first, she declined his offer, but he insisted, saying that he would feel better if he knew she got back to her room safely. He was being genuine about this, she could tell; it wasn't simply an attempt to weasel his way into her panties.

Maybe having an escort back to her room was a good idea. She was by herself after all, in a foreign country, and she was kind of tipsy now.

When they reached her door, Olivia had the overwhelming urge to invite him in. But then, she reasoned with herself, it would be foolish to get involved with a man she barely knew.

She pulled her key card from her purse and hesitated, she really didn't want to say goodnight yet.

Fitz stood next to her; she really hadn't noticed just how tall he was, but now, with him staring down at her, she felt small.

"I had a really nice time tonight, " he told her, his voice warm and inviting, "thank you for allowing me to hang out with you."

"Same here. I'm sure you'll make some new friends tomorrow and you'll forget all about boring me," she said Peering into his eyes, and he held her gaze, the slow burn of intrigue burning in the air.

"Boring?" He grinned. His smile went sideways as though she'd said something funny. "No, no, don't say that. I found you quite refreshing, " he took a step closer, "in fact, I was going to ask if you wanted to hang out again tomorrow."

"I was planning on hanging out by the pool with a book tomorrow," she answered, her heartbeat picking up a notch by his proximity. The subtle scent of his cologne teased her nose and she just barely stopped herself from breathing him in. Deep.

"Turns out I was planning on napping on the beach tomorrow, so maybe we can just do nothing...together." Fitz placed a hand on the wall next to Olivia's head.

She looked up at him, wondering what he was thinking about right now. Did he want to come in?

"Olivia?" he murmured.

"Yes?" She mumbled as he dipped his head a fraction.

"Would it be okay if I gave you a kiss goodnight?"

Olivia swallowed hard. A kiss? She hadn't been kissed in so long, she felt like a virgin. Fitz waited for her answer, a smile playing on his lips as he waited. Finally, she nodded her answer. Then, slowly, Fitz stepped closer until her back was pressed up against the door.

"I was hoping you'd say that, " he placed his hand under her chin and tipped her face to meet his. "I've been thinking about kissing you ever since I laid eyes on you," he said right before his lips lightly grazed hers before they moved over to her mouth to possess it gently. Her lips tingled with pleasure, she could feel her whole body ignite with arousal and she reached up, wrapping her arms around his neck holding him tight. Then she gasped as the warmth of his fingers fell to the small of her back. A satisfied groan escaped his throat, and he wrapped his arms around Olivia so that she could feel his entire body against hers.

All too soon, she broke the kiss before it could turn into something more.

He looked at her with a deep wistful expression, as though she had been his lover in another life and he was just waiting for her to come home. "Goodnight, Olivia." he said softly stepping away from her.

"Goodnight, Fitz," she whispered.

He started moving away but then turned on his heel as if he thought better of it. "It was a good kiss, better than I had ever imagined," he told her in that baritone tone of his which she felt deep in her groin.

"It was really good," she stammered, feeling carried away imagining how good he must be in bed. \_C'mon, Olivia, just invite him in!\_

"I guess I'll see you tomorrow, then."

All she could do was nod. "Goodnight, Fitz," she managed at last before he turned and strode away from her.

Olivia released the breath she was holding and unlocked the door. Once inside, she undressed and got ready for bed. She couldn't believe what had just happened. She had just kissed a stranger and almost invited him in her bed. What was she thinking? She'd been so careless, yet at the same time, her body felt on cloud nine alive with sensations she didn't know she'd had. As she laid down to sleep, her imagination started running wild imagining all the things Fitz could do with that mouth of his.

\* \* \*

><p><em><strong>Day two<strong>\_

The next morning, Olivia found herself awake earlier than she thought despite going to bed so late. She gathered her curly hair into a bun with some loose strands and chose to wear her flattering bikini underneath a knitted navy blue tunic which could easily double as a short dress. The bikini was red and with a supportive top that made her boobs look perky and the bottoms were cut in just the right way, accentuating the good parts but still leaving something to the



imagination. The tunic was gorgeous and it hugged her figure in the right places.

She headed down to the breakfast buffet feeling confident about her appearance. If Fitz was hanging out with her today, she had wanted to feel good, sexy even. For the most part, her mind was still preoccupied with memories of last night's kiss. The way his mouth moved so expertly and smoothly against hers, the way he tasted faintly of limes. His hands were strong but gentle and she ached to know what they would feel like against her naked skin. God, it had been so long since she had good sex.

Just as Olivia was being shown to a table, she spotted Fitz. He was seated across from her focused on a newspaper and his breakfast.

Watching him from afar, she ordered an orange juice before heading down for the buffet. She wondered whether he'd given their kiss much thought while helping herself to a plate of Mexican style scrambled eggs. She dared one look in his direction. She blinked, surprised to see him right there on the other side of the buffet line.

"Good morning, Olivia," he greeted her, his voice so deep and smooth like honey.

"Good morning, Fitz," she smiled at him trying to focus on choosing between sausage and bacon.

"Did you sleep well last night last night?"

>"I slept like a teenager," she replied with a smirk and Fitz looked up at her in question.<p>

"Isn't the expression, like a baby?"

"It is, but from what I know babies don't really sleep well, yet teenagers can sleep through anything."

Fitz chuckled. "You're absolutely right," he said loading pancakes and fruit on his plate, "Back when I was in high school, you could start a fucking chainsaw in my room and I wouldn't budge."

"So you see, they need to change that expression," she grinned.

"Okay, let's start a petition to have that changed...we just need a couple of thousand signatures," he joked.

"Piece of cake, I already got that many people on Facebook alone," she joked back adding some fruit to her plate and starting to make her way back to the table. Fitz accompanied her and they sat down at her table.

"What about your newspaper?"

"Nah, why would I want to read when I have you for company?" He paused, punctuating his words, giving her time to fully feel the weight and significance of his tone, "I'm assuming we're still hanging out by the pool..."

His words penetrated Olivia's heart, knocking her barriers down. And

she smiled like a dreamy teenager. "So you don't mind doing a lot of nothing?" She looked away after a moment, trying to hide the excitement she felt that he still wanted to hang out with her.

"I don't mind, remember I'm on doctor's orders to do nothing but relax."

"Yes, I remember."

"Okay. Great. I will see you there in half an hour or so?" He said standing, "See you soon, Olivia."

Olivia nodded. Watching him walk out of the restaurant, she drew a deep breath. \_This vacation just keeps on getting better and better.\_

\* \* \*

><p><strong><em>Half an hour later<em>\*\*

Olivia Pope-clad in her red bikini- walked across the pool deck and made her way to the nearest vacant umbrella, placing her towel and beach tote on a small side table in the middle of two lounge chairs. Luckily, it was still early enough in the morning and the place wasn't crowded. A sense of peace came over her as she settled into the lounge chair, book in hand. For the first time in years, she had nothing but free time; no hassles or schedules, commutes or deadlines to meet.

She had hardly finished reading the first page of her book when she spotted Fitz Leaning against a marble pillar, looking like a Greek God wearing nothing but a pair of blue board shorts, aviator sunglasses and a grey canvas bag slung over his shoulder. He smiled in recognition when he saw Olivia wave at him. She followed his movements as if in a trance; knew he was in shape, but this? His torso was solid, the body of a runner. Her eyes traveled down his sternum taking her on a journey of perfection and down to the rippling muscles of six-pack abs glistening in the sun.

Next thing she knew, Fitz was stretching out on the lounge beside her. After exchanging a word or two, Olivia was happy to dive in the safety of her book, reminding herself that reading was part of her plan and that she fully intended on following through. Oddly, he didn't seem to mind because he too pulled out a thick book out of his bag and proceeded to read.

Olivia glanced curiously at the cover of his book and was surprised to see that it was a book about true crime. It was far quite different from her book which she liked to refer as 'literary smut'.

"True crime, huh? She couldn't help but comment.

Fitz peeked at her and smiled. "Yeah, I love reading about the inner workings of the criminal mind and what makes them what they are. How about you? What are you reading there?"

Olivia felt her cheeks warm as she shook her head, glad the cover of the book didn't give too much away, hiding the fact that it was full of steamy sex scenes. "Oh, it's just some cheesy romance

novel."

After that, they both went back to their respective books, and as Olivia got a little further, she came to a sex scene. Her pulse quickened as she read the filthy words on the page, picturing Fitz as the hero on the page. She soon found it hard to stop herself from unconsciously touching herself in response. And then, much to her chagrin, she peeked over at Fitz and found him watching her. She quickly looked away, embarrassed that she'd been caught staring.

"Good book?" He smirked.

"It's alright," she breathed.

"I enjoyed watching you get into it," he said in a low sexy voice, sitting up and leaning over so he was closer, "Your breathing picked up a little bit and made me wonder what was going on in that book of yours?"

"You \_noticed\_ \_that\_?" She blurted out before she could sensor her words.

"I can be quite observant at times. It can be an annoying trait sometimes. So tell me, Olivia...\_what was going on\_ in your book that had you so worked up?" He pried, lifting his shades, trying to peek at the pages.

Quickly, Olivia set the book down away from Fitz.

"Mm-hmm," he chuckled, leaning back in his chair.

Just when she thought Fitz had lost interest, she picked the book back up, but before she could dive back in, her book was rudely snatched from her hands.

"Hey!" She protested much to his amusement as he quickly scanned the last few pages she was on. She made a weak attempt to snatch it back, but she knew it was too late; he'd have a pretty good handle on what she was reading just by the page she left off on, it was just getting to the main event.

"You know that was quite rude!" She complained.

He ignored that. "I've gotta say, this is a hell of a lot better than what I was reading!" He chuckled.

"This is embarrassing," she pouted.

"Don't be," his gaze softened and all trace of playfulness disappeared. He handed her the book. "I guess I was just trying to find out what was going on in that head of yours...you intrigue me, Olivia," he murmured, giving her a wink so subtle that she almost doubted she had seen it at all. He got to his feet, "I'm going to cool off. Wanna join me?"

She looked up at him. Right then, she had the oddest sensation, as though she was being watched. "Later," she said to Fitz, making brief eye contact with a blonde sitting beside a man on loungers at the other side of the pool. The blonde immediately turned to the person

beside her in conversation...perhaps to hide the fact that she'd been gawking at Fitz? \_Well, better look elsewhere cause he' s taken,\_ Olivia thought to herself with a satisfied smile, thinking that Fitz had more than enough sex appeal to draw women like flies after honey.

After swimming a couple of laps, Fitz swam to the edge of the pool closest to Olivia. He got her attention by calling her name, and she looked up from her book to find him grinning at her, resting his elbows on the pool deck.

" C' mon, Liv...live a little," Fitz squinted with boyish charm, "Put down that book and take a dip with me."

\*\*A/N: \*\*

Please review. Thanks so much for your awesome support!

Ps. rating will later change to M.

End  
file.